

# THE LIONESS

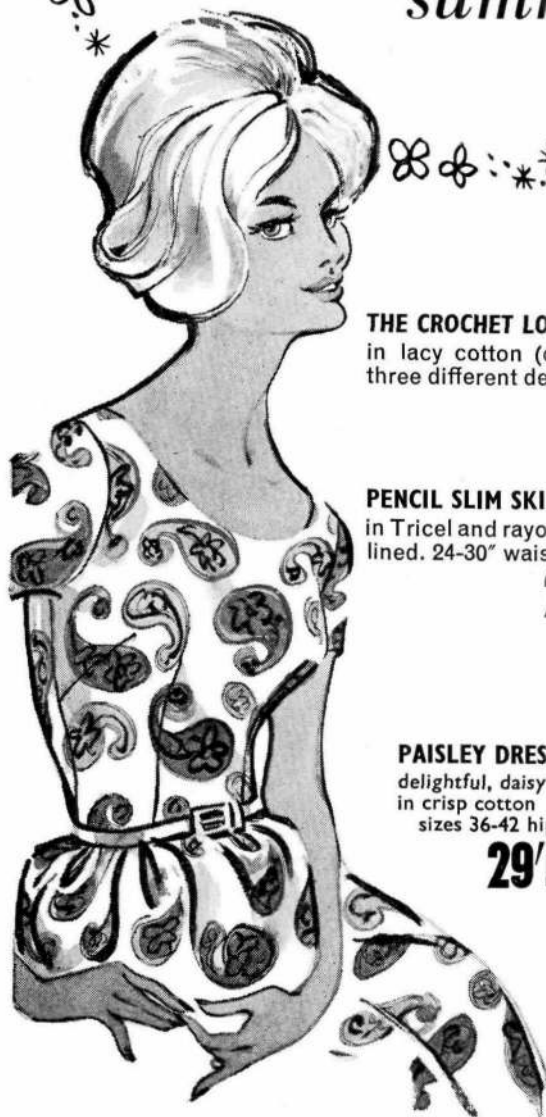
VOL XXXVIII

AUGUST 1965

No. 3



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## WHO'S WHO

W.R.A.C. Association,  
Duke of York's Headquarters,  
King's Road, London, S.W.3.

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(All correspondence re membership and distribution  
of THE LIONESS)

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(Contributions and personal column advertisements)

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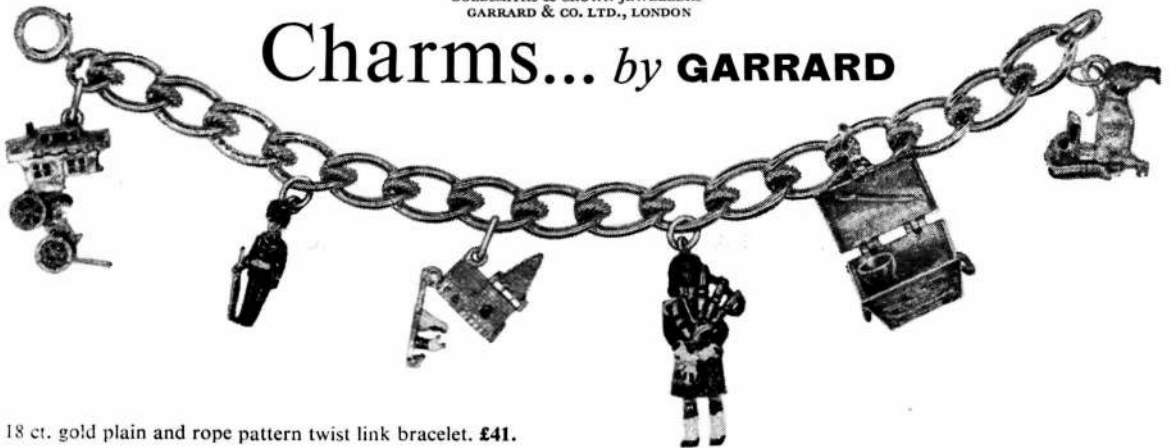
Personal column: 3 lines 4s. 6d., each additional line  
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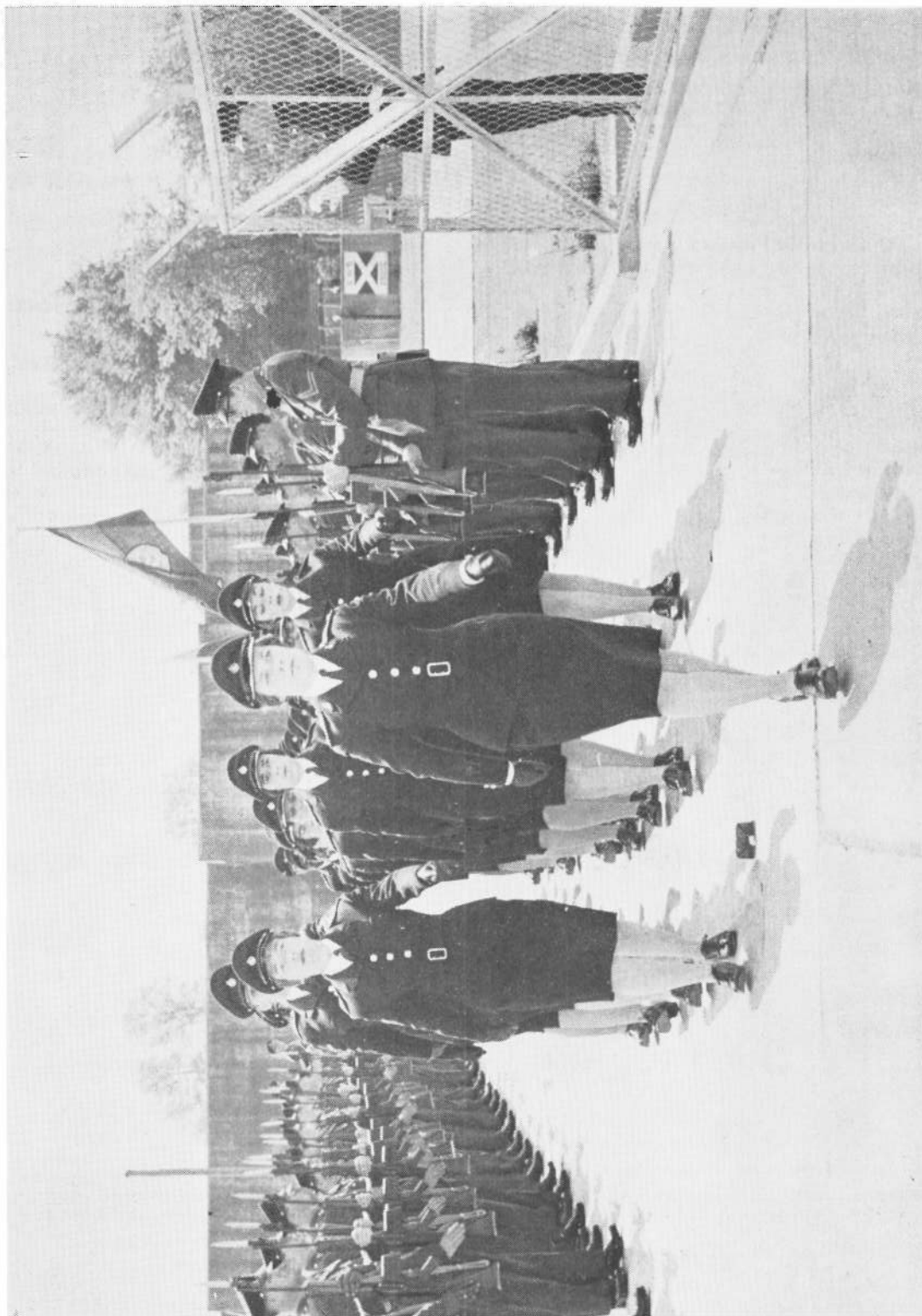
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**"Present Arms"—14 Signal Regiment honour the W.R.A.C.**

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# THE LIONESS

Vol. XXXVIII

August, 1965

No. 3

## Editorial

OUR readers' attention is drawn to the notification of The Princess Royal's Memorial Fund, which is printed on another page above the signature of our Association Vice-President, Brigadier Dame Mary Railton. Members will not need to be reminded of the debt we all owe to Her Royal Highness and will welcome this opportunity to commemorate her close association with all three Corps and perpetuate her memory for future generations.

Her Royal Highness loved flowers and the Rose Garden at the Depot is intended to provide a quiet and peaceful retreat for the use of all ranks. No money will have to be set aside for its future upkeep as the W.R.A.C. Head-quarter Mess Officers have generously undertaken to be responsible for the replacement of roses and any other charges. In addition the W.R.A.C. Association is paying the initial administrative expenses, such as postage and printing, so that all the money subscribed will go to the Memorial Fund.

The A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. Benevolent Funds have never been in a position to make any form of long-term

weekly maintenance grant, even in cases where this is really needed. It is hoped that the income from The Princess Royal's Memorial Fund will help to bridge this gap and relieve distress among aged, needy and handicapped ex-Service women of all three Corps.

Regardless of the eventual decision, it is encouraging for us all to know that the World Veterans' Federation, to which our Association belongs, has been nominated for the 1965 Nobel Peace Prize by the Right Honourable Philip Noel-Baker, who was himself a recipient of the Peace Prize in 1959. In his statement Mr. Noel-Baker said:

"It is essential in these critical times to find the means of expressing effectively the hope of people everywhere for peace and freedom. I am convinced that the World Veterans' Federation, representing those who have known best the tragedy and suffering of war, has given, and is giving, voice to those hopes. Such effort is necessary if we are to progress towards peace and, in my opinion, richly merits the honour of the Nobel Peace Prize."

## Tribute to A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. Signals

### 14 SIGNAL REGIMENT, BODDINGTON

IN the spring of 1940 A.T.S. Signals started to operate the telephone and teleprinter switchboards in Boddington. This was one of the main hubs of wartime U.K. static communications. Except for a short break in 1946, A.T.S. continued to operate Boddington until the Royal Corps of Signals took over the commitment in 1949. After the war the communication requirement increased to such an extent that the Whitehall telegraph terminal could not handle the load of traffic directed to it. To overcome this a new telegraph switching centre was built at Boddington to handle communications overseas and within the U.K., including the War Office. No. 1 Tape Relay Centre, Boddington, was opened by Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal on 19th September, 1954. On 1st January, 1960, W.R.A.C. returned to help deal with the ever-increasing volume of world-wide signals. To begin with the girls were employed on one shift only, then (with increased numbers) on two, and finally on all four shifts. Like the A.T.S. who had gone before them, they proved their worth. At the peak the W.R.A.C. strength of the Regiment was six officers and 138 O.R.s. Tape Relay has now been replaced by Telegraphic Auto-

matic Relay Equipment (TARE), a large computer-like machine which has saved considerable manpower and freed W.R.A.C. for service elsewhere, either overseas or at home.

On Wednesday, 12th May, 1965, TARE was officially inaugurated by Lieut.-General Sir Geoffrey Baker, K.C.B., C.B.E., M.C., the V.C.G.S., in the presence of the Signal Officer-in-Chief and the Director W.R.A.C. Coupled with this ceremony was a Farewell Parade to W.R.A.C.

The Parade, which was commanded by Major R. C. Anderson, Royal Signals, consisted of two detachments—one Royal Signals and one W.R.A.C.; 2/Lieut. J. R. Barker was in charge of the W.R.A.C. detachment. The Royal Signals band provided the music. The V.C.G.S. arrived by helicopter and was given a General Salute. After inspecting both detachments he addressed those present. On behalf of the Army Board he thanked both A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. for the work they had done in Boddington over the years.

After the inauguration of TARE and a tour of the T.R.C. the V.C.G.S. took the salute as the W.R.A.C. detachment marched past. At this time the Royal Signals detachment were lining the exit route from Boddington. As the girls marched out and away the men presented arms, the W.R.A.C. flag was lowered and the band changed from "The Lass of Richmond Hill" to "Auld

Lang Syne." The Royal Signals detachment then reformed and marched into the T.R.C. to the strains of their own Corps March.

Lieut.-Colonel D. B. Emley, Royal Signals, C.O. of 14 Signal Regiment, has to be thanked for this delightful compliment, which will be remembered for many years by all W.R.A.C. present. It was a happy, proud and sad occasion—a strange mixture of emotions.

After the Parade there was an excellent luncheon in the Officers' Mess.

Other regimental functions while the Royal Signals band were with us were Beating Retreat followed by an Officers' Mess Cocktail Party, a Band Concert, an All Ranks Dance and a W.O.s and Sergeants' Mess Dinner and Dance. This was a wonderful week which was blessed by glorious weather.

As a direct result of this, Mrs. Evelyn M. Burke (ex-Q.M.A.A.C. and ex-A.T.S.) contacted the *Gloucestershire Echo* to say that as a corporal she had been one of the first six A.T.S. to arrive in Boddington in 1940. Mrs. Burke has been invited to visit the Regiment on 22nd June, 1965, before 4 Squadron, W.R.A.C., disbands. It is hoped to make this the subject of a separate report.

## Reunions

### SOUTHERN AREA

THIS year the Southern Area Reunion was held on 30th May, 1965, at the American Museum, Claverton Manor, Bath; 130 members attended and we were pleased that Colonel V. K. Stead, O.B.E., T.D., J.P., Chairman of Council, and Lieut.-Colonel Millington, O.B.E., T.D., from Corps Headquarters were able to be with us.

The rendezvous was suggested by Bath Branch and a very good suggestion it was. Claverton Manor, about two miles from Bath, is a beautiful place and full of interest. We enjoyed looking round the Museum, which is set out as fully furnished rooms and traces American history from the days of the early settlers to the mid-19th century. The gardeners among us also found the Mount Vernon Garden well worth a visit. This is a replica of George Washington's rose and flower garden at Mount Vernon, Virginia, and is the gift to the Museum of the Colonial Dames of America.

Having seen all that there was to see, we were glad to sit down to an excellent tea and to a good gossip with our friends. The weather, although cool, remained fine and the 1965 Reunion proved to be one on which Southern Area will be able to look back with happy memories.

### NORTHERN AREA

THE Northern Area Reunion will be held at the Lounge Hall, Harrogate, on Saturday, 25th September, 1965, from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. Applications for tickets, price 6s. (including refreshments), with cash and stamped addressed envelope, to D.A.D.W.R.A.C., H.Q. Northern Command, York, before 15th September. Entertainment by Yorkshire District, W.R.A.C. (T.A.).

## Double Century

W.O. & N.C.O. WING,

W.R.A.C. SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION

A MILESTONE in N.C.O. training was reached in March. The 200th course coincided with the last course to be held at Huron Camp, Hindhead.

To mark this occasion ex-Commandants and some others closely connected with the A.T.S. N.C.O.s' School were invited to spend the day with W.O. & N.C.O. Wing. The following accepted: Brigadier Dame Mary Tyrwhitt, D.B.E., and Colonel E. S. Macfie, T.D., who were respectively Commandant and Chief Instructor when Course No. 1 was run at Lichfield in 1941; Brigadier Dame Jean Rivett-Drake, D.B.E., last Commandant of the A.T.S. N.C.O.s' School before the formation of the W.R.A.C. School of Instruction; Colonel L. M. Davies, O.B.E., first W.O. & N.C.O. Wing Commander; Capt. (Q.M.) H. L. Sanders, M.B.E., and Lieut. (Q.M.) Shenton, who were Company Sergeant-Majors and moved from Newark to Hindhead. Our visitors met the students and had tea with them. Dame Mary Tyrwhitt talked to the course about the early days of the A.T.S. N.C.O.s' School and how Course No. 1 was run; Colonel Macfie in cutting the "200" cake wished success to future students of the W.O. & N.C.O. Wing at the W.R.A.C. College, Camberley. Many early photographs were produced and stories told of the early days of N.C.O. training.

The students played their part in making this a memorable course. They obliged by producing better than average examination marks and results! In addition they gave an entertainment, entirely written and produced by themselves, to permanent Staff Officers and members of the Sergeants' Mess. This was most amusing and thoroughly enjoyed by both audience and participants alike.

With their permission I am ending with some verses of their closing song. I am sure it will strike a chord in the memory of many ex-serving N.C.O.s, as well as all those officers and N.C.O.s who have worked with W.O. & N.C.O. Wing—and of course all "Students."

Where have all the Students gone  
Long time passing  
Where have all the Students gone  
Long time ago  
Where have all the Students gone  
Gone to lectures every one  
But will they ever learn  
But will they ever learn

Where did all the Courses go  
One to Two Hundred  
Where did all the Courses go  
Long time ago  
Where did all the Courses go  
Down to Huron every one  
And did they ever learn  
And did they ever learn

Where will all new Students go  
 In the future  
 Where will all new Students go  
 In time to come  
 Where will all the Students go  
 To the new College every one  
 But will they ever learn  
 But will they ever learn

#### W.R.A.C. OFFICER CADETS

The Commissioning Ceremony of the Thirty-Eighth Course of W.R.A.C. Officer Cadets will take place on 14th December, 1965, at 3.15 p.m. at the W.R.A.C. College, Camberley.

The Ceremony will be preceded by a Service at 2.30 p.m.

Applications for tickets, together with 2s. 6d. each for tea, should be sent by 26th November, 1965, to:

The Administrative Officer,  
 W.R.A.C. College,  
 Portsmouth Road,  
 Camberley,  
 Surrey.

## Retirement

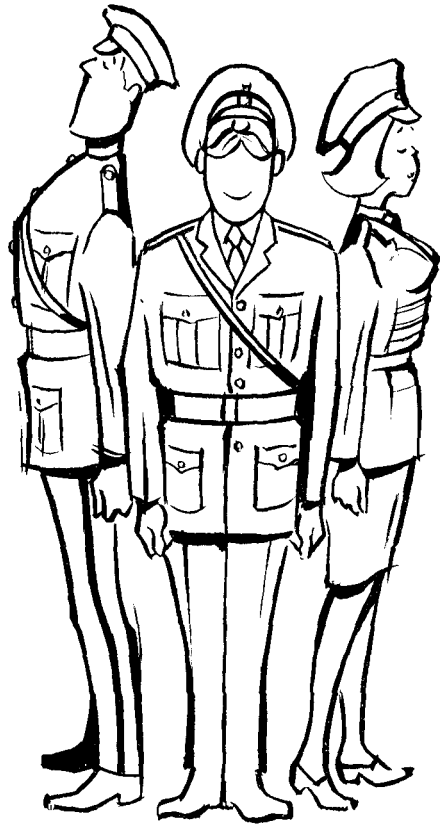
**L**IEUT.-COLONEL C. de Garis Martin, who retired earlier this year to take up an interesting civilian job, joined the A.T.S. in January 1940, and was commissioned towards the end of the following year; from then until after VE Day she served with (M) H.A.A. Regiments.

After the war she held two Education staff appointments, S.O.III at South West District and that of S.O.II at H.Q. Southern Command, but probably her most unusual posting in the Army was with the H.Q. Federal Malayan Military Police from 1955 to 1957. On returning from FARELF, Lieut.-Colonel de Garis Martin was appointed D.A.D.W.R.A.C. Aldershot District and had the honour of riding in the Queen's Birthday Parade. She was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel as Inspector of Recruiting (Women's Services) in 1950, and her last posting was London District as A.D.W.R.A.C., an appointment that automatically entails a great variety of extra interests and responsibilities. She will be particularly missed by the Army (Women's) Tennis Team, for which she played for many years.

We hope she will find her new job as interesting and varied as her Army career.

#### MARRIAGE

**THOMPSON—BALDWIN:** On 2nd June, 1965, Major Miles Alfred Thompson, Intelligence Corps (Retired), to Colonel Linda Elizabeth Baldwin, W.R.A.C. (Retired).



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## Branch News

**AYR.** We started this year with our Annual Reunion Dinner, which was held in the Station Hotel on Saturday, 9th January; 21 members attended and we were happy to have with us 11 members from Glasgow Branch and one from Dumfries Branch. After a very good meal, a most enjoyable evening was spent in games and dancing. At our February meeting we had a demonstration of Floral Art, which was most interesting, and we picked up a few tips from the expert. We gave our hyacinth bulbs in November and we brought them along for judging on this evening. We also had a block booking later in the month for Ayr Amateur Opera Company's production of "Show Boat." Our A.G.M. is always held in March and new Office Bearers appointed. This year our President and Vice-President travelled to London for the Secretaries' Meeting and Grand Reunion and enjoyed meeting several friends. In April we held a very successful Country Dance, which always proves popular and a good source of income; our funds benefited by £14 10s. We were extremely sorry to lose one of our very good members, Mrs. May Young, who died on 26th April after a few weeks in hospital. On 8th May we paid our annual visit to Glasgow Branch, and after a lovely tea at the Club we all went along to the "Five Past Eight" show at the Alhambra Theatre.

**GLASGOW.** We began our programme for the coming season with a Whist Drive in April, which was very successful. At the beginning of May we had a visit from the members of Ayrshire Branch. The function was enjoyed by members and visitors. Tea was in our Club, and afterwards we paid a visit to the Alhambra Theatre, where we saw the "Five Past Eight" show, with Rikki Fulton and Jack Milroy. At the beginning of June we went for a sail to Loch Lomond on the *Maid of the Loch*. It was not a very good day, but that did not dampen our spirits.

**LEICESTER.** Apologies to our "postal members" for lack of Leicester news in the last two issues, but here we are, better late than never, at our city news desk. It is still a case of "where two or three are gathered" at our meetings, but we nevertheless enjoy them. We were disappointed at our February meeting when the speaker, Capt. Howard-Carter, W.R.A.C., from the nearby R.A.V.C. Depot at Melton Mowbray, was unable to come at the very last moment owing to transport difficulties. The film show "Leicester, City of Contrasts," which is sponsored by the Corporation of Leicester, was very well received by the "Few"! Our visit to the Leicester Phoenix Theatre, to see "See How They Run," proved an apt choice of play and we all had a jolly good laugh. Lieut. Dathan, W.R.A.C. (T.A.), Q.M. of 49 Div./District W.R.A.C. (T.A.), kindly loaned slides and projector for our "Members' Film Show." The "operator," R.S.M. Tindall, W.R.A.C., and "Technical Adviser," Capt. J. Quarrie, M.B.E., provided unscripted entertainment during the showing. The weather

was not ideal for our visit to Charnwood Forest, but the atmosphere and hospitality at the Old Bull at Woodhouse Eaves was warm and friendly. We were asked by H.Q. if we could visit S/Sgt. Rodgers in Harlow Wood Hospital, and the Secretary arranged for ex-Sgt. Maud Woodthorpe of Ilkeston to visit her. Maud, herself an arthritic, had just passed her test for her invalid mini, and drove there from Ilkeston under her own steam. I feel sure that May will be helped by Maud's courageous approach to life despite considerable pain and will soon be well on the way to driving her own mini. One of our former secretaries, Mrs. J. Southard, has settled down in Lincoln, despite the fact that she called her new home "Wits' End." She finds time to lend a helping hand to other mums in the new neighbourhood. The Secretary contacted the Hon. Miss E. Hazelrigg of Moseley Hall, and she has become a member of the Leicester Branch. We are indebted to the Commander W.R.A.C., 49 Div./District W.R.A.C. (T.A.), for the continued use of the accommodation and the ready help of her staff with the administrative arrangements.

**LIVERPOOL.** We started our 1965 programme with our Annual General Meeting in February. Once again we were rather disappointed with the small numbers present as we prefer to have a good attendance and to hear the views of members regarding the Branch and its activities. In March our Secretary was able to represent the Branch at the Secretaries' Meeting and the Annual General Meeting. This is a good opportunity for hearing how other Branches are getting on and for exchanging ideas. At our meeting in March we had a short session of tombola and in April we had a film show which consisted of a colour film about Canada and a very interesting documentary film about Liverpool. We were pleased to welcome back Mrs. A. Lappin, who had been unable to attend meetings for some time owing to illness. We were also pleased to see Mrs. B. Hepworth and to congratulate her on the birth of her daughter. At Easter we again gave chocolate eggs to a small local children's home. In May we were again very pleased to welcome Dr. P. T. Nowell from the Liverpool University. He had decided on "Whales" as the subject of his talk, which he illustrated with slides. This proved to be very interesting, as he told us about a trip he had taken on a whaling factory ship, and there was plenty of opportunity for members to ask questions. For our June meeting, our Chairman, Miss A. G. Learmouth, M.B.E., T.D., very kindly invited us to her home for a Coffee Evening. This made a pleasant change to our usual room in the city centre. We were joined by six members of the Chester Branch and we were fortunate that the weather was quite good. We had a small Bring and Buy Sale, and all the proceeds from this, the refreshments, raffles and a few games of tombola were donated to the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund.

**LONDON.** At the beginning of April we were given a talk by Miss Neate on the work of the British Association of the Hard of Hearing. She told us of the difficulties that

people have to face and the efforts that are being made to help them. In May, 25 of our members went to the Palace Theatre to see "The Sound of Music," and very much enjoyed the show with its delightful songs; also in May we had a speaker from the British Transport Women's Police, and we heard of the work that is done by this branch of the Force and some of the incidents that occur in dealing with various kinds of crime. In June the Acton Male Voice Choir visited us for the second time this year with their programme of songs which are so pleasant to hear.

**STAFFORD.** With half a dozen very enthusiastic ex-Service members, a meeting was arranged, with the result that the Stafford Branch of the Association was born. By the time the first meeting took place, on 28th April, we were ten strong, and when all the business of forming the Branch was completed the members really got together, with the memories pouring out. At the May meeting arrangements were made for a wide variety of activities for the next five months. We are very lucky to be able to hold our meetings in the new T.A. Centre, Kitchener House, the only one of its kind in the country. We feel it a great privilege, which we appreciate even to the extent of removing stiletto heels, rather than spoil the floors. Our advertisement has brought us three more members, so we are hoping to keep up our aim of new members each month until we are at least 50 strong. One of our members was one of my recruits at Aldermaston in 1939; we certainly had a lot to chatter about and had a good laugh over some of the snaps of those early days. If some of the 500 or 600 members of H.Q. Area are in or around Stafford and would like to join us, they would be most welcome.

**ULSTER.** A Reunion Dinner was held in Belfast on 27th February, 1965, attended by 129 ex-A.T.S./F.A.N.Y.s who had seen wartime service. This proved to be such a success that many asked for a repeat the following year. As it was found that the majority of those attending the dinner were not members of the W.R.A.C. Association, it was decided to form a new Branch. This new Branch was formed on 26th April, 1965, and is to be known as the Ulster Branch. It is open to any ex-Service women now living in Ireland or who saw service here. The main purpose of this Branch is to keep people in touch and to hold at least one annual reunion, rather than regular meetings, because the majority of members are so widely scattered throughout Ireland, with a few in England and Scotland. Although we are still in early days, we have had many offers from members willing to undertake hospital visiting and to help the "house-bound" keep in touch. Many have reported re-finding old friends and one is undertaking to keep a motherly eye on the daughter of another while she undergoes teacher-training in England. We held our first meeting on 28th June at Malone Golf Club, once the wartime Headquarters of Northern Ireland



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District, and had a very good turn-out of 43 members from a total of 97. The following officers were elected:

|                |       |                         |
|----------------|-------|-------------------------|
| Chairman       | ..... | Miss Frances Mayne      |
| Hon. Secretary | ..... | Mrs. Sheila Fraser Kerr |
| Hon. Treasurer | ..... | Miss Terry Turner       |
| Committee      | ..... | Miss Anna Lipsitz       |
|                |       | Miss Gwen Angus         |

If any readers know of anyone with Ulster connections who might care to join us, we would be delighted to hear from them.

## Obituary

### Miss M. Brownrigg

Ayr Branch regret to announce the death of one of their new members, Miss M. Brownrigg, who served in the A.T.S. from 1940 to 1944.

### Mrs. E. F. Gardner

Bristol Branch announce with regret the death of their former President, Mrs. Edith Gardner (*née* Sims), aged 84. Mrs. Gardner was one of the first Q.M.A.A.C. to go overseas in 1917 and served as a signaller at Etaples.

### Miss M. Kearns

We regret to announce the death of Miss Margaret Kearns in Calgary, Canada, aged 82. Miss Kearns served with Q.M.A.A.C. and was a life member of the Royal Canadian Legion in Calgary, where she had lived for 45 years and had been active in various social and charitable organisations.

### Miss D. Scott

We announce with regret the death of Miss Davina Scott in Edinburgh on 31st March, after much suffering bravely borne. Scotty, as she was known to her numerous friends, served in Q.M.A.A.C. as a forewoman cook and later in the A.T.S. as a Q.M.S.I. She was an outstanding personality, having the deepest sense of duty. She was a staunch friend and will be greatly missed by all those who understand the meaning of the spirit of comradeship.

### Mrs. M. Young

Ayr Branch regret to announce the death of Mrs. May Young (*née* Guthrie) after a short illness. Mrs. Young was one of the original members of the 13th Glasgow Company, A.T.S., and was a loyal and active member of the Association.

\* \* \*

The sympathy of members is extended to Miss Madge Driutt on the passing of her elder brother, Mr. Norman Driutt, who was a long-standing friend of Ilford Branch.

## Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal

THE following replies to letters of sympathy on the death of Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal were received too late for inclusion in the May issue:

### HAREWOOD HOUSE

DEAR MISS STEAD,

Thank you very much for your sympathy on the sudden death of my Mother. It is a great comfort to my family and me to remember that she died so peacefully and never knew the burden of illness and ill health.

We have had, as you will understand, a vast number of messages from friends and from organisations with which she was connected, and all of them show the great affection in which she was held.

Yours sincerely,

HAREWOOD.

From Major Sir Geoffrey Eastwood, Comptroller to H.R.H. The Princess Royal:

"You who knew Her Royal Highness so well, and all of us who had the privilege of serving her, will appreciate how greatly she will be missed. None of us will ever forget her wonderful example of service to others and her tremendous sense of duty."

From The Hon. Mrs. Balfour, Lady-in-waiting to H.R.H. The Princess Royal:

"I write to thank you most sincerely for the letter you wrote on behalf of the Friday evening Reunions of the Q.M.A.A.C., extending your sympathy over the death of our beloved Princess. You are very right when you write that she was 'truly one of us.' She so tremendously enjoyed those evenings and the chance of meeting you all again. For the moment, we are all so shocked at the sudden death we can hardly believe that the Princess has left us for ever.

"The funeral took place at Harewood, in wonderful sunshine, simple and lovely, amidst banks of flowers. I am glad that the Princess died up at her much-loved home, as she would have wished, no anticipation, no suffering. But, for us who are left to mourn, it is very hard to bear. I was privileged to know her since our childhood."

Letters from members of the Association expressing their sorrow at the death of their late President were too numerous to publish but the following extracts are typical of the many received.

"Our Princess is dead."

"I have memories of Her Royal Highness coming to our Camp in late 1917 or early 1918 to open our canteen, in Dieppe. She came and spoke to us before and after she had opened the canteen, again at my first Reunion at the Albert Hall H.R.H. shook hands with me and asked about the work that I did so many years ago."

Some of us had the great honour and privilege to meet Her Royal Highness, not only on official parades, but in other ways and places . . . I know she took a personal interest in those of us who are disabled . . . I cannot grieve but have a feeling of great personal loss and bereavement."

"I have recollections of the times when Her Royal Highness came to visit us during the War years at Chilwell. We used to look forward to those visits with great pleasure as her smile gave us a lot of encouragement in those dark days."

"I was always amazed at her phenomenal memory and struck by her warm-heartedness and sympathy."

"It is very sad to think that we no longer have Her Royal Highness with us but we can always remember, with gratitude, her unfailing interest and kindness to our Corps."

"Our late President, Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal, beloved by us all."

By special request we are publishing the prayer by the

Dean at the Memorial Service for Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal held in Westminster Abbey on 1st April, 1965:

"Almighty God, the refuge of the living, the rest of the dead; we commend into thy hands thy servant Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary our Princess Royal, whom thou hast summoned from this transitory and uncertain life to the eternal world, where we must all appear before the seat of thy everlasting mercy. We thank thee for all thou has given to this nation by this thy faithful servant, by her works and by her example; for her Nursing, her Guiding, and her Special Service in both World Wars; for her love of the countryside and its pursuits, her knowledge of the arts and her artistic skills, her love of music; for her devotion to Yorkshire and the mutual affection between her and its people; for her steady devotion to duty, her quiet and unobtrusive fidelity. Grant her thy peace; let light perpetual shine upon her; and in thy loving wisdom and almighty power work in her the good purpose of thy perfect will; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

## The Princess Royal's Memorial Fund

THE Council of the W.R.A.C. Association (incorporating Q.M.A.A.C. and A.T.S. Comrades' Association) is sponsoring a Fund in memory of their late President, The Princess Royal, which will give each member of all three Corps the opportunity to show her personal appreciation of Her Royal Highness's service in both war and post-war years.

The money raised will be used to provide a Rose Garden at the W.R.A.C. Depot, Guildford. The balance will be invested, and administered as "The Princess

Royal's Memorial Fund" by the Trustees of the A.T.S./W.R.A.C. Benevolent Funds, the income being used to help cases beyond the normal scope of these Funds such as the provision of annuities or long-term maintenance grants.

Donations should be sent to "The Princess Royal's Memorial Fund," Block "E," Duke of York's Headquarters, King's Road, London, S.W.3, or direct to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., 440 Strand, London, W.C.2, using the form printed below. M. RAILTON.

### THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S MEMORIAL FUND

A donation of ..... is enclosed in memory of H.R.H. The Princess Royal.

Name.....

Address.....  
(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

.....

.....

Cheques/Postal Orders should be made payable to "The Princess Royal's Memorial Fund."

## Where There's a Will

THE A.T.S. Benevolent Fund has been greatly helped by a legacy amounting to £2,688 2s. 2d. from the late Miss N. Corner (ex-Jun. Comd. A.T.S.).

If any member is making a will, and would like to consider taking this way of helping her less fortunate comrades, she can be assured that all legacies are treated as capital and invested in sound securities. The yearly income is then used to relieve distress and provides a permanent memorial to the generosity of the donor. Legacies can be made to either the A.T.S. or the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund and the Trustees will ensure that the A.T.S. Fund remains open for this purpose so long as the need exists.

## Sport

### NETBALL

FOR the first time this year three full-length matches, each consisting of four quarters of 15 minutes, were played at the Inter-Service Netball Championship. This obviously suited the Army Team, who shot a total of 92 goals and gained a decisive win over the other two Services.

The results of the matches were:

W.R.N.S. 22 v. W.R.A.F. 31

W.R.N.S. 15 v. W.R.A.C. 52

W.R.A.C. 40 v. W.R.A.F. 15

The Cup was presented to the captain of the Army Team, 2/Lieut. S. E. Tarry, by Air Vice-Marshall T. U. C. Shirley, C.B., C.B.E., M.I.E.E., F.R.Ae.S.



Air Vice-Marshall T. U. C. Shirley presenting the Inter-Services Netball Cup to 2/Lieut. S. E. Tarry

## Unit News

### 12 INDEPENDENT COMPANY, W.R.A.C.

12 Independent Company, W.R.A.C., have been very busy. This is probably because we are stationed in London and have been called upon to help at several official functions; for instance, women sold programmes at two charity performances recently—"Fall in the Stars" and "Operation Crossbow." They also assisted at the rehearsals for the Queen's Birthday Parade, and a party will be going to the Tower of London soon to sell flags for the Army Benevolent Fund. We are all waiting anxiously to see if they will manage to beat last year's record sale!

In addition, we are tidying up and preparing generally for the Administrative Inspection, which will be held on Midsummer's Day, 24th June. This is involving a certain amount of additional work, but the pill is being sweetened (or so we hope) by visits to places of interest. The group which went to Woburn Abbey seemed to have had a most enjoyable time, and it is proposed to organise trips to Southend, Whipsnade Zoo and for a "Mystery Tour."

One of the highlights of recent months was a recruiting film of the unit. Filming was done first in the Home Postal Depot, R.E., and then at a dance in the NAAFI. The "star" of the film, who came from the Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C., was found to have an aunt living in Mill Hill, so there was some "local interest"!

The summer looks like being a full season for us all; we hope it lives up to expectations.

### 1 INDEPENDENT COMPANY, W.R.A.C.

BRIGADIER D. McQueen, D.Sc., O.B.E., Commander Edinburgh area, recently presented a Long Service and Good Conduct Medal to W.O.II J. Beard, who works in the Regimental Pay Office in Edinburgh. W.O.II Beard has had overseas service with the Royal Army Pay Corps in Egypt and Singapore as well as Cyprus, where she was awarded the B.E.M. in the Birthday Honours List in 1962.

### 29 COMPANY, W.R.A.C.

29 Company, W.R.A.C., was formed when 14 Battalion, W.R.A.C., disbanded on 1st January, 1965. We were lucky to keep the Q.M. and turn her into an Admin. Officer, but she is now deserting us and is off shortly to the Cameron Highlands to improve her golf as well as becoming O.C. Change of Air Station. The 2 i/c became Company Commander for a short while and then decided to try civilian life. Lieuts. Cameron and Bennett, together with the stalwarts from the Sergeants' Mess, and the remainder of "A" Company formed the basis of the new 29 Company, W.R.A.C.

The first few months have been used in sorting ourselves out, but light relief was obtained for Lieut. Bennett, who with three others attended a Survival Course

by the Norwegian Women's Forces, together with other members of the W.R.A.C. stationed in B.A.O.R.

The highlight was the award of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal to W.O.I K. R. O'Shea. The medal was presented by the Commander-in-Chief in his office on Thursday, 29th April, 1965.

There have been a number of changes in the senior ranks, and to those who have gone we wish all the best for their new jobs whether they be in "Civvy Street" or in another W.R.A.C. capacity, and to those who have joined us the hope that they will enjoy serving in B.A.O.R.



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## Long Service and Good Conduct Medals



Photo by Public Relations

W.O.I K. R. O'Shea



Photo by courtesy of "The Scotsman"

W.O.II J. Beard, B.E.M.

## Early Summer in Germany

S./Sgt. D. Hatham

**D**URING the second half of May I had a few days' leave and having very recently become the owner of a new car I decided to go out and see some of the countryside of Germany. I packed a couple of suitcases and set off from the Headquarters in Moenchengladbach.

Firstly I went to Monchau, which is south of H.Q., B.A.O.R., and almost on the border of Luxembourg. It is a pretty little place in the Eifel Mountains and one's first sight of it is from high up, which makes it look like a toy village from a child's playbox. Everything is neatly laid out and looks so clean and tidy. The town is very old, mediaeval in parts, and built mostly of a local stone which is a lovely grey colour.

From Monchau I cut across country to join the River Rhine and travelled south along the river bank to Koblenz and on to Mainz. Just idling along and enjoying the sun and scenery. The Rhine is a beautiful river with truly magnificent scenery and it is as busy as the M1 except that it is river and not road traffic. The barges go up and down it in an endless stream. I took a day and a half to get to Mainz, spending one night in a private house in a village somewhere along the river for bed and breakfast (Zimmer und Frühstück), eating dinner at a pub just outside the village.

From Mainz I went to Heidelberg. It is another beautiful place and again on a river, the Neckar. I stayed the night just outside the town and went back again in the morning to have another look at it. The main part is just like all other large towns: full of traffic, people and shops, but when one goes to the river where the older buildings are to be found it is really lovely. The overall impression is of sandstone-red buildings against a background of vivid greens, the whole reflected in the wide, peaceful river.

From Heidelberg, again across country, to the Black Forest—it isn't really black, just a wonderful mixture of dark greens—then on to Bernkastel on the Mosel. The main industries of Bernkastel are wine-production and tourists. Parts of the town are very old, dating back to the Middle Ages. One of its most interesting features, however, is a modern church, complete with a clock and steeple, which is built into the side of a hill about 250 feet above the level of the town. (It would be a very energetic worshipper who went to church more than once each Sunday.) Bernkastel is so delightfully situated and the countryside around it is so lovely that I stayed there two nights. During the full day that I was there I went down the Mosel to Trier, a large town situated where the Saar, southern Germany and Luxembourg meet.

My hotel was in a little village just outside the town. The first evening I decided to take a walk around the village and asked if I could take the dog with me. He was a large, very friendly Alsatian, and off we went. As

I am only five feet tall and not much heavier than the animal in question, the only true resemblance to "taking a dog for a walk" was that there was a lead between us. Most of the time was spent with him towing me along; not very comfortable in high-heeled shoes on a rough road. Everything went fine until we had almost got back to the hotel; two more corners and we would have made it—but we met another Alsatian who was not on a lead. After yelling insults at each other from a distance it suddenly developed into a fight. Luckily the lead was long; I let it out full length and tried to haul my dog away, yelling like mad for "somebody to DO something." The whole street was out in about 30 seconds. A third dog, also an Alsatian, but luckily locked in, was adding to the din from across the road. It was not very long before the owner of the dog who had started the fight came out and separated them and we all went home unbowed and, luckily, unbloodied. Exciting, but exhausting.

That night the travelling cinema arrived. A screen, an amplifier and a projector were set up in the hotel lounge. The village came in force and everyone settled down with his drink to watch the show, which started at 9 p.m. Advertisements, followed by the news, followed by the main film. The main feature was very old, the women wore their skirts almost to their ankles, terribly corny, too. The story of boy meets girl, boy saves family fortunes and, presumably, boy marries girl. I don't really know because I didn't stay to see the end, even though I had paid my entrance fee of DM 1.20, about 2/-.

After my stay on the Mosel I headed back north, making for Koblenz, travelling once again along the Rhine and spending one more night on the road at a small riverside village north of Koblenz. The last stop was really lovely. I had a room with a balcony which practically hung over the river. After I had unpacked the car, had a wash and changed into respectable clothes I went for dinner. It was served on another balcony overlooking the river. I had a good meal with a glass of the local wine, then went to my room where I sat on my own balcony with the radio playing very quiet music, watched the barges going up and down the stream and the moon getting brighter as the daylight faded. All very romantic very peaceful and rather expensive, but well worth it.

I got back to the Headquarters the next afternoon, tired, dirty and completely happy. The weather had been perfect the whole time. I was beautifully tanned where the sun had caught me through the car windows and walking about seeing the sights.

It was pleasant to get back, too, to speak to English people again—I had had to rely upon my very limited German for six days. It is true that one of the delights of travelling is to return home (if only to boast about your adventures).

## Ten Tors

J. G.

EVERY Whitsuntide we can be sure of banner headlines in the national Press describing, with lip-licking relish, the misdemeanours of a handful of youngsters in seaside towns, but we will hunt in vain for more than a couple of inconspicuous sentences about Ten Tors.

This year was no exception, yet over 2,000 boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 20 spent a gruelling two days on Dartmoor slogging over distances ranging from 35 to 60 miles with no more hope of reward than a small bronze medal and the satisfaction of achievement.

There are three classes in this project: boys aged 14 to 16 and all girls cover 35 miles and climb ten tors *en route*, boys aged 16 to 18 cover 50 miles and young men aged 18 to 20 cover 60 miles. All teams assemble in tented camps at the Junior Leaders' Regiment, Royal Signals, the unit which invented the project five years ago and has run it ever since with a wealth of careful planning and safety precautions which are a model to any organisation dealing with youth work. (And it has been tested. One year they had a case of appendicitis in the middle of the Moor.)

Before dawn on Whit Saturday the competitors are taken, with packs containing everything of food and clothing they will want for two days and a night on the Moor, to Haytor. The opening ceremony is brief—a short speech, a prayer and a fanfare from the Junior Leaders' trumpeters perched on the top of the rock itself, 1,491 feet above sea level. The leader of each team is given three routes from which to choose and, often, on this choice depends success or failure. All teams rest compulsorily from 2000 hours to 0600 hours, the boys on the open Moor and the girls in a tented camp near Princetown, run by the Permanent Staff of the Junior Leaders and supervised by two nurses from Denbury Camp.

The final destination is the same on all routes, Wills-worthy Camp on the Tavistock-Okehampton road where a tremendous crowd applaud each team as it walks, trots, marches or staggers into the officials' arena. It is constantly emphasised that this is not a race and no account is taken of time, provided it is within the 36-hour limit; inevitably the elements of a race do creep in, encouraged, I am sorry to say, by adult supporters who, incidentally, boast far more of their team's prowess than do the competitors themselves.

Girls' teams come from a variety of sources—W.R.A.F., W.R.N.S., Police Cadets, public, private, grammar and secondary schools, convents and technical colleges, clubs and parties of friends. One girl, from Ashburton and Buckfastleigh Secondary School, has successfully completed the course four times, the first at the age of 14!

This year eight teams of W.R.A.C. took part from 8, 9, 10 and 15 Independent Companies, 6 Training Battalion, R.A.S.C., H.Q. Company, W.R.A.C. College,

Army School of Education and 74 (Devon) Company, W.R.A.C. (T.A.), and seven of them completed the course and were awarded medals. The team from Beaconsfield had singular bad luck. Two of their number became ill with a stomach disorder, but pressed on for some considerable time before giving up, and it was then realised by the others that they had not time to complete the first day's march.

Ten Tors is a tough assignment—let us have no doubt about that. But although last year six W.R.A.C. teams entered and only one (15 Independent Company) completed the course, this is a result which should not have come about.

So 1965 is a good moment to inquire what makes for success.

First, I think, absolute fitness and a mental attitude of determination rather than confidence. Second, a well-thought-out, minimum weight pack, clothing proof against rain and sun, strong footwear and protection for the legs. Third, absolute efficiency in map-reading and compass work as 35 miles represents the optimum route. A slight compass error can add ten miles to the distance. Fourth, a previous introduction to the Moor itself, with its springy turf and heather, great granite boulders and tors, sudden bogs, deep streams and the endless rocky "sameness." (Most W.R.A.C. teams managed at least one weekend on the Moor this year, but mention must be made of 8 Independent Company, who were unable to. The terrain of Bicester could not be more unlike Dartmoor, so one can understand the jubilation of Anne Locke, who trained the team, saying she felt like turning a somersault when they all strode into the finish. Incidentally she was promptly challenged to do so—and did!) And last of all, LUCK.

But there is one aspect of this annual event which surprises and worries officials, and that is cheating by adult supporters. It takes various forms—carrying packs for competitors, marking maps, serving meals from cars and even substituting competitors for those who have fallen by the wayside. It is entirely confined to supporters of boys' teams (the children never cheat) and arises, partly unthinkingly and partly from a possessive desire that their team must win at all costs, as a status factor for themselves.

One cannot help wondering what the feelings of the boy are who was compelled by loyalty to an adult to connive in a breach of the rules, fingering his modest little medal, knowing it was not won by his own unaided effort. The strong are incorruptible, but the weak, who "got away with it," may find temptation in some greater matter irresistible. So perhaps there is, after all, a connection between Ten Tors and Clacton.

But to finish on a happier note and one which concerns us more, last year most of the W.R.A.C. teams were overconfident, inadequately trained and badly led. Bad luck played but a small part in their massive failure.

It is the greatest possible credit to all unit commanders and team leaders that they faced up to these unpalatable truths and vigorously rectified their mistakes. This year the W.R.A.C. teams were quietly confident, imaginatively trained and competently led, and this includes the Beaconsfield team which bad luck, alone, defeated. This year's performance has completely vindicated past failures, but what to me is most heartening is that it has shown our Corps still has a young, vigorous and lively element which welcomes a challenge for its own sake and is prepared to snatch it up for the Corps' sake.

Perhaps if one team can be singled out for admiration it is that, or rather successive teams, of 74 (Devon) Company, W.R.A.C. (T.A.). This unit has competed every year from the first, usually successfully. Their advantage of access to the Moor for training is outweighed, in my opinion, by the disadvantage of having six, 12 or even 18 girls all in different full-time jobs in South-West towns stretching from Exeter to Plymouth and every hour of their training being spared from their own free time. Their spirit never flags, win or lose, and one feels that, if Ten Tors is held in the year 2000, 74 Company will be there, valiantly representing the Corps.

All that slogging discomfort, wet feet, aching limbs and blisters—and for what? A small bronze disc worth, perhaps, five shillings? But that is what Ten Tors is all about and if some ambitious adults have not yet “got the message,” the young folk have. Loud and clear!

## Correspondence

DEAR EDITOR,

I wonder whether you could help the W.R.A.C. P.T. world through THE LIONESS.

We are adopting much of the P.T. which was taught in the A.T.S. In 1945 the War Office produced an excellent small book called *Physical and Recreational Training in the A.T.S.* 1945. We are very short of copies of this book and of course it cannot now be obtained. It may be that some ex-A.T.S. have this book tucked away and have no use for it. If so I would be most grateful if they could send it to me at the Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot.

M. E. MAGLAGAN  
(Major, W.R.A.C.).

## A.T.S. Dinner Club

THE Annual Dinner of the A.T.S. Dinner Club will be held at Derry and Toms on Saturday, 16th October, 1965. Tickets may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Miss L. Parker, Rush Common House, Abingdon, Berks.

Membership of the Dinner Club is open to anyone who served in the A.T.S. Entrance fee 5s. and annual subscription 2s. 6d. Apply to the Hon. Secretary for membership forms.

## ‘The Travellers’ on Location

THE day set aside for our film debut dawned bright and sunny and by mid-morning the temperature had soared into the eighties. Ideal weather for the beach, but not for recording music in a studio situated two floors under New Bond Street.

The unloading operations, when we moved at least half a ton of equipment in ten minutes, resulted in a minor skirmish with a traffic warden, whose sole vocabulary consisted of “You can’t park ‘ere!” The reassurance that we did not want to park ‘ere but merely unload the two vehicles only resulted in the worthy gentleman producing the ultimate weapon—the notebook at the ready and pencil poised. (Exit “The Travellers” in haste to the depths below, mentally consigning Mr. Traffic Warden to even greater and hotter depths.)

Fortunately, it was not our first visit to a recording studio, so we know all about the small “evil red eye” which maintains its constant glow when you are “on,” daring you to play a wrong note. After a ten-minute musical warm-up we were fanning ourselves with anything that was available, and then came an interlude of awful memory which could be called “Solo-Time.” At the sound engineer’s insistence, we had to sing individually and without musical accompaniment into our respective mikes. In turn we revelled in an embarrassed moment of glory, and during the awful silence which followed her breathless rendition, and forgetful of the “live” mikes which surrounded her, one member of the group was heard to mutter, “Even Callas must have her off days!” A little laughter helped to loosen taut nerves and we went straight into the actual recording of the four numbers which we had prepared for the film. It was an exciting experience to hear our own music played back from the control room and at the end of the allotted two hours we all agreed, as we mopped our brows for the last time, that the resultant sound was to our satisfaction.

A quarter to six that evening found us outside a North-London youth club, once more heaving the equipment from the vehicles into the hall. (No traffic wardens this time, so our elaborate disguises as keep-left signs and lamp-posts were not required.) The film technicians were already at work rigging arc lamps and rushing around employed in the mysteries of film making. The set was built and we stood poised with our instruments while the lighting was arranged, which took about an hour. After chalk marks establishing our positions had been marked on the floor (what large feet we seemed to have) the Youth Officer, Miss Haig, appeared with very welcome refreshments. Without her kindness and co-operation our contribution could not have been made. Following a short break the make-up session started which at least gave us an opportunity to sit down. (Miss Carpenter

talked about films on which she had been employed as she deftly applied the make-up, but having the make-up sponge squashed in your ear when you are least expecting it was an unnerving experience. With head back and eyes closed it would not have surprised us to have heard dulcet tones urging us to "just rinse out with this and spit into the bowl.")

Before long, we were back on "the set" dressed in our stage outfits and surrounded by about 50 local teenagers, who were thrilled by their parts as "extras." A few last-minute adjustments, tape-measures were whipped at terrifying speed between camera and the ends of our noses, lights were raised, masked or lowered, the clapper-

board banged and the camera "rolled." The sound of the recording which we had made in the morning filled the hall as we played and sang without amplification. The youngsters gyrated and cavorted in time to the music and minutes later, when we heard the magic call of "CUT," the producer actually smiled before saying, "Right, we'll do it all again." To ensure success this sequence of events was repeated throughout the evening until, at ten o'clock, the last arc-lamp was switched off. We realise that our part in making this film was a very minor one and we hope that the many serving members of the W.R.A.C. who took part in this venture enjoyed themselves as much as we did.

## Guess Who?



*Photo by Public Relations*

Anything can happen when you join the Army! Eighteen months' service, and a posting as a switchboard operator, eventually led to Pte. Brenda Hore meeting the Beatles recently during a break in the shooting of their new film on Salisbury Plain.

## Those Were The Days

E. A.

ON the outbreak of war I applied at once to join the A.T.S. As I was then 52 it was only by pushing my first war service, pointing out that I would not be getting any younger and that they couldn't have a war without me, and generally making a nuisance of myself that they reluctantly agreed to take me if the M.O. was satisfied. She asked what sort of work I wanted to do. I said cooking, driving, clerical work, or whatever was needed. She passed me for clerical work.

I was attached to the 10th Warwicks as a "Volunteer," as we were then called, and posted to a clerical company at a large stores depot in the Midlands. There I remained till the spring of 1940, thoroughly enjoying the life.

From there I was sent to the Cadet Wing, at that time the Ocean Hotel, Saltdean. I departed from the stores depot on my bicycle, with all my worldly goods in a rucksack on my back, for the station. On arrival at St. Pancras I cycled across London to Victoria. From Brighton I rode up hill and down, to Saltdean. It was a blazing hot day, and by the time I arrived I was more like a boiled lobster than a human being.

After the course there I emerged a very junior officer, and was posted back to my old stores depot, which was also a large vehicle reception station, as a convoy officer. We had three M.T. companies, also a number of civilian drivers. I put my chin-strap over the top of my cap with pride, and was given a War Office permit (which I still treasure) to drive "Vehicles of All Grades for the Duration of the War." I had no driving test!

My first experience of a convoy was a large one in charge of a senior convoy officer. We stayed the first night at a village outside St. Albans, and I was sent off with a list of addresses to billet my section. Billeting in a strange town in the black-out was rather a nightmare. Eventually I got them all settled except the last one. When I inspected her billet I was not satisfied with it; it had obviously not been cleaned or changed since the last occupant left—lipstick on the sheets, etc.—so I had to give her my billet. As there wasn't another bed in the place I spent the night on a chair in the saloon of the village pub.

When on convoy we stopped at all sorts of wayside shacks for so-called "coffee," generally some horrible concoction. Never since the war have I cared for coffee.

On one occasion we were driving on a long, straight road that seemed to go on for ever. It was winter, very cold with driving rain in our faces. We were glad to stop at a little snack place, a cottage standing back from the road on the side of a hill. Walking up to the door we passed a little makeshift kennel consisting of a small box on its side, the rain driving straight in on the miserable dog, who was wet through with hardly room to turn round. Inside the shack was a roaring fire. We asked the woman to let the dog come in and get dry, but she

wouldn't hear of it. On my return to camp I reported the matter to the R.S.P.C.A., who visited and promised to keep the dog under police supervision.

The day after the bad blitz in Coventry we had an assignment to fetch several lorry-loads of motor-cycles from the Norton works to take to the port of export. The city was a sorry sight, especially the poorer parts. Many of the poor streets of small shops were making a brave show. One tailor had boarded up his little ruined shop and had chalked up a notice: "BUSINESS AS USUAL.—BOMB-PROOF TROUSERS AT CRATER PRICES."

Driving in convoy in the black-out was a bad headache at times. One kept one's eyes on the tail light of the vehicle ahead. This would suddenly disappear as it went round a bend or corner, and one felt quite alone in the world. In towns and built-up areas we closed up and drove nose to tail; but otherwise we kept at visibility or telegraph-pole distance.

Our N.C.O.s were wonderful. They had to deal with all kinds of situations, break-downs, finding their way in the dark all over Great Britain, park in the smallest places, as arranged by the police—nothing came amiss to them. The police, too, in the different towns were most co-operative and helpful.

All things come to an end. In 1942 A.G. 16 suddenly remembered my age. I received a very polite letter pointing out the need for my retirement in the interests of promotion. In the same breath I was invited to come into Recruiting, an invitation which I accepted. But that is another story.

## News of Old Comrades

MRS. A. Sycamore (*née* G. Bloodworth), Henriville Camp, Boulogne, now living at 2 Muir Street, Frankford, Australia, would like any ex-Q.M.A.A.C. who remembers her to write.

Mrs. Katherine Dick of Balgowlah, New South Wales, has just joined the Association, bringing the wheel full circle, as she signed on at the Duke of York's Headquarters for a four-year engagement in the A.T.S. in 1939. She tells us she was recently able to regain contact with an old friend, because two of her friends, who did not know each other before, found themselves sitting side by side at an Association function.

Miss M. Davey and Miss J. Bulbrooke, both former Drum-Majors of the W.R.A.C. Staff Band, now living in Canada, c/o Box 154 P.O., Queenston, Ontario, would be interested to hear of any other ex-Service members living in Ontario.

Miss Laura Armitage, Willerby House, Willerby, Yorks., would like to hear from her old friends of the A.M.T.D. Camps at Calais or Le Touquet. Please write. Miss Armitage is very lame and cannot get about, so letters would cheer her up.

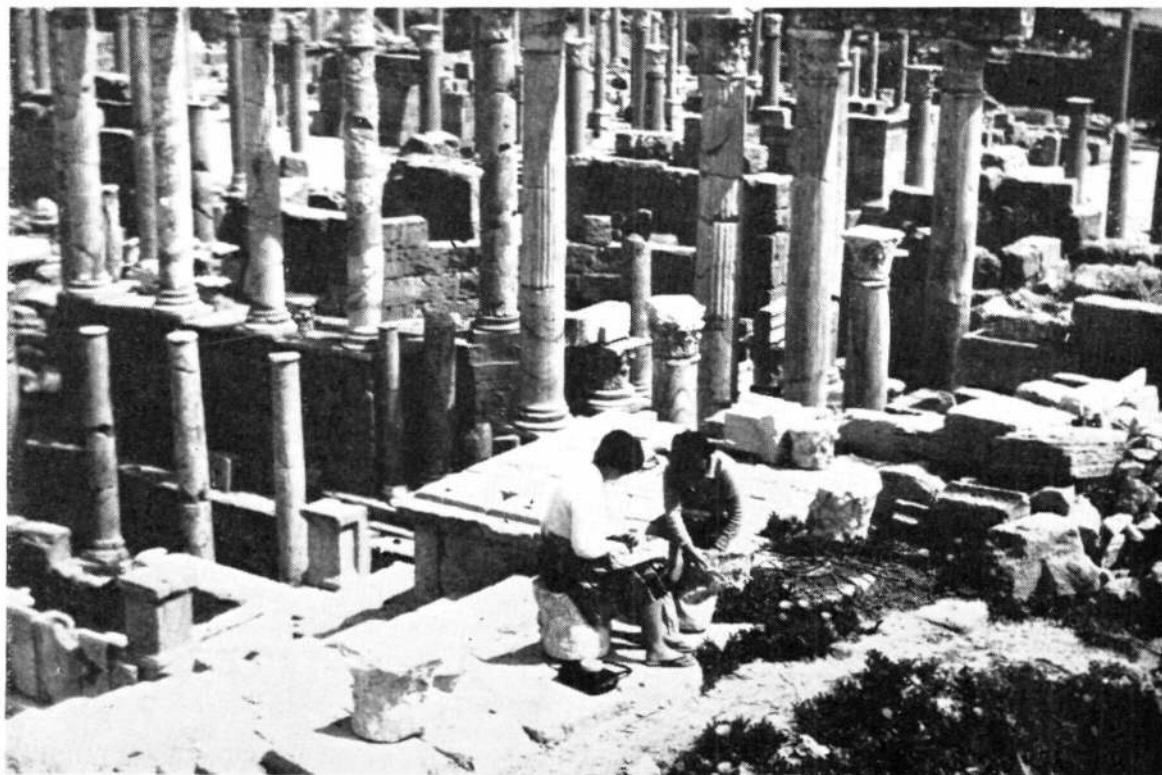
## Corps Day—Roman Style

**W**EAALTHY Mediterranean tourists pay hundreds of pounds for the privilege of sight-seeing in Libya; therefore members of 19 Independent Platoon, W.R.A.C., stationed in Tripoli, decided to celebrate Corps Day by visiting one of the top local tourist attractions—for nothing!

The ruined city of Leptis Magna was the venue for the 30 girls who voted to remember Corps Day amid the splendour of ancient Rome rather than stage the usual

dance. NAAFI break became a “picnic in the past” as the girls ate sandwiches, drank ice-cool lemonade and at the same time admired their surroundings of marble pillars, narrow paved roads and majestic temples, built by the toga-clad Romans some 1,800 years ago.

For the girls who were not so interested in the past, the present had plenty to offer—the chance to swim in the warm and blue Mediterranean, for the ruins are situated on the Libyan coast, 70 miles east of Tripoli.



Lunch at Leptis Magna

## ‘Shiver My Timbers’

2/Lieut. V. C. Bennett

**T**HREE officers and 12 other ranks from Units all over West Germany, Berlin and Belgium completed the adventure of a lifetime in early March this year. The party, led by Capt. Chris Swann, attended a Winter Survival Course run by the Norwegian Women’s Army.

We left by train from Düsseldorf on the evening of Friday, 12th March, and awoke the next morning to find ourselves arriving at Copenhagen, where we joined up with two girls from Berlin. The whole party took full advantage of the 12 hours in Copenhagen, sampled their first Scandinavian breakfast, and then spent a strenuous day sightseeing, which included the famous Mermaid,

Amalienborg Palace and Hans Christian Andersen’s statue in their itinerary—this, in spite of tiredness and the prospect of another 16 hours’ travelling, made a memorable initiation to the Danish capital.

At 11 p.m. that night we crossed the ice-covered stretch of water from Helsingør to Halsinborg in Sweden and, thanks to the comfort of the Swedish railways, didn’t awake until coffee and doughnuts were brought round just before our arrival in Oslo on Sunday morning. There we met the Norwegian party and continued on the last lap of our journey up to Lillehammer, through breathtaking scenery and alongside the frozen lakes and mountains of Norway. Our home for the next week was shared with the same number of friendly Norwegian girls to whom the language barrier presented no problems as far as fun and friendships were concerned.

The course itself dealt with training everyone in all aspects of behaviour and survival under severe winter conditions, starting at 7 a.m. on Monday morning with lectures, practical exercises in rescue methods, handling of sledges and mountain orientation. These subjects, together with skiing instruction, formed the main curriculum.

Once we had recovered from the initial shock of breakfasting on sardines and cheese every morning, and the agonies of climbing in and out of Norwegian field uniform with which we were issued (bringing back memories of one's first day in W.R.A.C. uniform), we proceeded to enjoy all our instruction thoroughly.

Although the temperatures never rose above freezing the numerous layers of clothing certainly served their purpose and nobody suffered from frostbite. Most of the days were spent outside, miles away from civilisation, in the snow-covered hills and I think we will all agree that the climax of our training came when we were required to spend 24 hours in the open. We set off on our skis, laden with rucksacks, sleeping bags, snow spades and ration packs, at 8 a.m., and toiled up the hillside for what seemed like hours. We then built snow caves with the intention of spending the night there. The weather became so bad with heavy snow falls, high winds and misty conditions that our instructors fortunately decided against this plan. So it was indeed with mixed feelings that we set off on the homeward track, after a more than gruelling day. Needless to say, we still had to survive on the 24-hours' emergency ration packs with which we had been provided.

As is so often the case, our last day proved to be gloriously sunny and warm and we made an exhilarating trip through the mountains and a hilarious descent with many tumbles into the deep snow and many laughs. Our amateur cameraman, Pte. Anne Buckton from Bielefeld, must have had several hours' amusing entertainment from the cine films she took at the time.

That evening there was a general exchange of gifts and certificates between the Norwegians and W.R.A.C. It was certainly with much regret that we went off to pack that night at the end of an exhausting, but never-to-be-forgotten week with the Norwegian Army. We hope one day to be able to return their generous hospitality by a reciprocal visit to B.A.O.R.

## Second to None

THE recently reconstituted W.R.A.C. sub-unit of Edinburgh University Officers' Training Corps have already made their mark in the shooting world.

After less than one year's training they won the Scottish Command W.R.A.C. Small Bore Inter-Unit Rifle Shooting Competition, three of the team of four being the three best individuals in the Command.

They followed this by entering a team for the Sub-Machine-Gun Match at the Lowland District Shooting Meeting—the only women's team taking part. They came

fourth out of 14 teams competing, beating several Major units, including two well-known Infantry T.A. Battalions who prefer to remain anonymous. Officer Cadet Ann Cameron gained the highest individual score of all T.A. and the second highest score of all Regular officers and men competing.

## A Cook's Tour of Germany

L/Cpl. J. Spicer, W.R.A.C. (T.A.)

"JOIN the Army and see the world." Perhaps I haven't seen the world, but at least the T.A. has taken me around quite a bit—to Exeter, Gloucester and Aldershot for N.C.O. (I have one stripe) and cooking courses. I've even appeared on TV! Last year my Company and two others had a Christmas cooking competition which we won and Jeremy Carrad of the B.B.C.'s "Points West" programme interviewed us, so that we were able to see ourselves on TV.

T.A. camps, too, have taken me to Castlemartin in Wales, Tremington in North Devon, Aldershot and, latest and best of all, to Germany.

The Germany trip started at 6.15 a.m. at Temple Meads on a Thursday. Eventually we arrived at the J.S.A.T.C. Transit Hotel at R.A.F. Hendon, and on the Friday morning we left Gatwick in a Viking aircraft. An hour and ten minutes later, after a very smooth and comfortable flight, we arrived in Düsseldorf and an Army bus whisked us to the camp at Rheindahlen.

As we hadn't any work that weekend we went to Moench Gladbach, a large modern town about an hour and a half from the camp. One thing particularly noticed was the flower-boxes in the windows of the houses, especially the geraniums.

Sunday was a rest day, but unfortunately it rained and we had several heavy thunderstorms during the fortnight—surprising, since most of Germany was enjoying very hot weather. The one word we understood was "beer," so naturally we sampled some that evening.

On the Monday we had to go into Luftkurort Schleiden, in the Eifel region; this is a quiet little village surrounded by lovely scenery. On the way back we stopped at Monschau and, in spite of our lack of German, managed to order sausage, chips and salad.

Also during that first week we went to a lovely region on the Rhine called the Seven Hills and we had to take the ferry across to Königswinter, a very popular holiday resort. The weather was beautiful and we thoroughly enjoyed the trip. Later that day we paid a visit to the massive and lovely Cathedral in Cologne.

During this time my duties in the cookhouse had been rather light and I had plenty of time on the camp; I wasn't bored, for the camp contained a wide range of

amusements. We also went to Holland, to a place called Roermond—small but with plenty of shops round the square. Wuppertal was another place we went to and it was there that we saw the “upside-down” trams for the first time. We had another good look at the Rhine and I had the longest sausage I’ve ever eaten in my life.

The first week had been very easy and I’d been able to do quite a bit of sight-seeing. We were due to leave for home on the following Thursday and during the three days before then I spent much more time in the cook-house; but I did manage to pay another visit to Moenchengladbach, to do some shopping, and I found it quite easy to manage the money.

So Thursday came round and also the end of an enjoyable and, for me, unusual holiday. The return flight was less cloudy and I was able to get a good view of the Rhine as we flew over it. The only slight “fly in the ointment” was that I was the unlucky one to be searched by the Customs—but, luckily, I hadn’t brought back anything I shouldn’t.

## Two Views of an Exercise

### 1. THE OPTIMIST

They’ve organised a marvellous scheme—  
It could last much of the day!  
How wonderful it’s sure to be  
From camp to get away!

Tanks are full and water’s checked,  
The windows cleaned for view,  
The oil’s topped up, the wipers wipe,  
The lights and horns work too!

There’s even a truck with tool kit,  
And towing ropes in case  
A mechanical fault does show itself  
Before we return to base.

We’ve plenty of maps to guide us  
And wirelesses to boot—  
Everyone has a job to do—  
And food’s to be had *en route*!

We’re to act as aides to Civil Defence  
By gathering figure and fact  
Regarding the fall of a make-believe bomb  
And how the people react.

I’m looking forward to it,  
For nothing can go wrong.  
They’ve planned it all so well for us—  
Hey—why not come along?

### 2. THE PESSIMIST

An Exercise—an Exercise!  
What’s to rave about that?  
You’ve never been on one before?  
Well, just you fancy that!

Nothing ever goes smoothly, see,  
No matter what plans they lay,  
And tempers get so awfully frayed  
By the end of a long, long day.

Take wirelesses for instance,  
They’re certain to send you berserk;  
No matter how you twiddle the knobs  
They rarely seem to work.

As a driver you’ll find that you will get  
A lorry that’s inefficient  
And there won’t be any tool at all  
To make you self-sufficient.

And bound to happen once or twice  
A breakdown of some description  
As you rattle along the old highway,  
‘Cos a decent lorry is fiction.

Your driver she’ll go crazy  
As fuel gets less and less  
And the miles don’t bring you nearer  
To Rendezvous—and Mess.

You’re not put off this Exercise?  
Then all I can advise  
Is to go with an eye to humour—  
And you’ll laugh . . . until you cries!

J. M. C.

## London Gazette

### PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS REGULAR ARMY

Lieut.-Colonel: Major R. Stride.  
Major: Capt. M. E. Miseroy.  
Captain: Lieut. W. M. Shiells, B.Sc.  
Captain (Q.M.): Lieuts. (Q.M.) M. G. Fahy, S. S. Brown.  
Lieutenant: 2/Lieuts. M. E. Howes, H. P. S. Murphy, V. J. Hunt,  
P. K. R. Collins, M. Y. Charlwood, J. E. Blakeley, P. M. MacLeod,  
P. B. Fereday, E. C. Jackson, W. A. Scott, S. M. Elderkin.  
2/Lieutenant (on probation): E. C. Jackson, S. W. Morgan, B.Sc., are  
confirmed in their appointments.  
2/Lieutenant: P. A. Floweth, R. A. Bickerdyke, S. J. R. Mitchell,  
P. J. Wilson, E. M. Mathers, P. H. Dixon, D. M. MacD. Byrn.  
2/Lieutenant (on probation): J. E. R. Chatterton.

### LIMITED SERVICE REGULAR COMMISSIONS

Majors P. Wyndham Tate, N. G. Dallas.  
Capts. B. M. Laverack, M.B.E., D. M. Athoe.  
Lieut. S. C. E. Orr.

### RETIREMENTS, ETC. REGULAR ARMY

Lieut.-Colonels B. A. D. Tansley-Witts, C. de Garis Martin.  
Majors M. E. Gribble, E. Cannan, D. A. C. Fowler, T.D.  
Capts. K. M. Johnson, B.A., P. A. van der Beeck, F. M. MacDonald,  
E. R. H. Baker, B.A.  
Lieut. J. H. Upton.  
2/Lieuts. T. R. M. Denvir, L. K. Short.

**SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONS**

Capt. E. B. Foster is granted the hon. rank of Major.

**BIRTHDAY HONOURS LIST**

D.B.E.: Brigadier J. E. Henderson, Hon. A.D.C.  
M.B.E.: Major E. R. Denne, Major D. A. C. Fowler.  
M.V.O. (5th Class): W.O.I O. A. Rutter.

# Officers' Postings

(Up to 30th June, 1965)

Lieut.-Colonel N. Christy, T.D., A.D.W.R.A.C., H.Q. Western Command.  
T/Lieut.-Colonel J. L. Rankin, A.D.W.R.A.C., H.Q. London District.  
Major A. Carswell, D.A.D.W.R.A.C., H.Q. Scottish Command.  
Major E. Duncan, G.S.O.2, O. & M. (A.D.), Ministry of Defence.  
Major A. Field, W.R.A.C. 1, Ministry of Defence.  
Major V. I. Fisher, D.A.A.G. (P.A.), M.E.L.F.  
Major M. E. D. Gibbs, D.A.D.W.R.A.C., H.Q. Southern Command.  
Major F. M. Harford, M.B.E., W.R.A.C. 1, Ministry of Defence.  
Major C. L. Harling, O.C. 30 Company, W.R.A.C.  
Major N. J. Pike, O.C. W.R.A.C. Wing, 6 Training Battalion, R.A.S.C.  
Major H. Powell, O.C. W.R.A.C., School of Artillery, Manorbier.  
Major S. W. Whitworth, D.A.Q.M.G. (Works Services), H.Q. Eastern Command.  
T/Major A. Bray, O.C. 8 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.  
T/Major A. M. Harle, G.S.O.2 (Int.), H.Q. A.F.N.E.  
T/Major D. J. Temple, O.C. 10 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.  
Capt. M. A. Mack, O.C. W.R.A.C., Regimental Pay Office (R.A.).  
Capt. P. A. Scott, 259 (COMCAN) Signal Squadron, Cyprus.  
T/Capt. P. M. MacLeod, 2 i/c, 9 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.  
T/Capt. B. F. G. Moore, Officer Cadet Wing, W.R.A.C. College.  
T/Capt. D. M. Salisbury, B.A., O.C. W.R.A.C., F.V.R.D.E.  
Lieut. M. Y. Charlwood, 12 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.  
Lieut. (Q.M.) M. Evans, Q.M., H.Q. C.W.R.A.C., 54 Division District (T.A.).  
2/Lieut. L. Almonds, 16 Signal Regiment, B.A.O.R.  
2/Lieut. R. A. Bickerdyke, 15 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.  
2/Lieut. D. M. M. Byrn, 24 Signal Regiment.  
2/Lieut. A. I. Cairns, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.  
2/Lieut. P. H. Dixon, 14 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.  
2/Lieut. P. A. Floweth, 251 W.R.A.C. Signal Squadron.  
2/Lieut. P. J. Huggett, Photographic Interpretation Company, B.A.O.R.  
2/Lieut. V. A. Leahy, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.  
2/Lieut. E. M. Mathers, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.  
2/Lieut. S. J. R. Mitchell, Headquarters, Hounslow Garrison.  
2/Lieut. J. M. Perry, Photographic Interpretation Company, B.A.O.R.  
2/Lieut. A. T. E. Sealey, 251 W.R.A.C. Signal Squadron.  
2/Lieut. P. J. Wilson, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.

## BRANCH DIRECTORY

**Amendments**

Unit Branch Secretaries:

- 4 Company, W.R.A.C.:** W.O.I E. Needham, W.R.A.C., H.Q. FARELF, c/o G.P.O. Singapore.
- 6 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.:** W.O.II D. Hayes, W.R.A.C., Shrapnel Barracks, Stadium Road, Woolwich, S.E.18.
- 8 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.:** S/Sgt. E. I. Langdon, W.R.A.C., St. George's Barracks, Bicester, Oxon.
- 14 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.:** W.O.II Herbert, W.R.A.C., Saughton Camp, Chester.
- W.R.A.C. Wing, Army School of Physical Training:** W.O.I J. Whitehead, W.R.A.C., H.Q. & Depot, A.P.T.C., Queen's Avenue, Aldershot, Hants.
- W.R.A.C. Detachment, P. & E.E.:** W.O.II E. Jones, W.R.A.C., Horseshoe Barracks, Shoeburyness, Essex.
- W.R.A.C. Detachment, R.S.M.E.:** W.O.II M. G. L. Campbell, W.R.A.C., 12 R.S.M.E. Regiment, R.E., Gordon Barracks, Gillingham, Kent.
- 251 W.R.A.C. Signal Squadron:** W.O.II M. M. T. Powell-Price, W.R.A.C., H.Q. Southern Command, Wilton, Salisbury, Wilts.

Branch Secretaries:

- Stafford:** Miss M. E. Norcott, Greensleeves, 77 Salisbury Road, Stafford.
- Ulster:** Mrs. S. Kerr, 19 Norwood Drive, Belmont, Belfast 4.

**BRANCH MEETINGS**

**Stafford:** Fourth Wednesday of each month at Kitchener House, Lammascote Road, Stafford, at 7.30.

## Personal Column

**For Sale.** Greatcoat, good condition, height 5 ft. 7 in., bust 36-38 in., hips 40 in. £4—Box No. 3/65.

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A vacancy will arise in early September at a Boarding/Day School of 160 girls for a resident Caterer/House-keeper to supervise the work of cooks and domestic staff. Salary £300-£600 p.a. according to qualifications, plus free board residence. 10 weeks' holiday with full pay, half-day Sunday and one full day off per week. Apply to the Headmistress, Miss Hill, Stover School, Nr. Newton Abbot, Devon. Tel.: Newton Abbot 4505.

**Maureen Lees and her friends**, the "Good Neighbours," invite you to patronise their display centre at 46 Beaconsfield Road, New Ferry, Wirral, Cheshire, where work of the blind and disabled is on sale. Orders taken. White Elephant Stall to defray costs. Open weekdays 10-3 p.m. (Thursdays 1 p.m.).

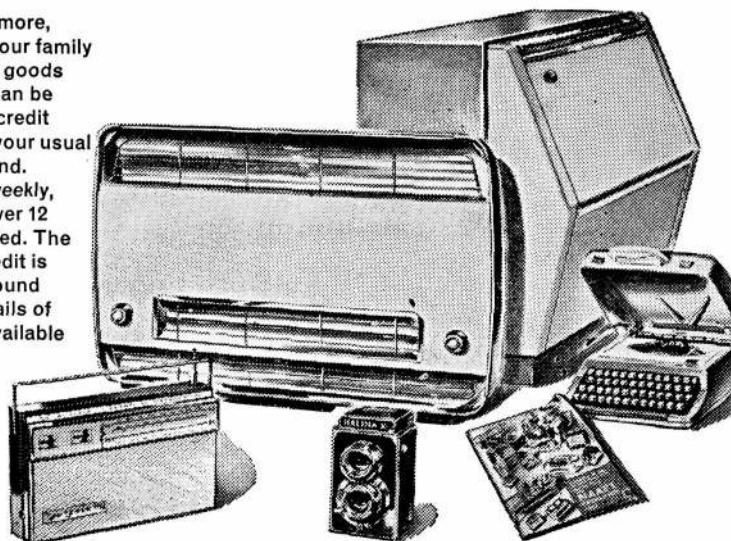
**The Service Women's Club**, 52 Lower Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, exists for the comfort and convenience of Service and ex-Service women of all ranks. It provides accommodation and the usual amenities of a ladies' club at most reasonable rates, and new members are always welcome. For full particulars and brochure please write to the Secretary. Tel.: SLOane 9131.

**Edinburgh.** When in Edinburgh stay at the Women's United Services Club, 12 Drumsheugh Gardens. All ex-Service women welcomed. Special terms for serving W.R.A.C. Write for the brochure to the Secretary. Tel.: Edinburgh CAL 4952.

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